

GOOD
BYE
JIM

JAMES
WHITCOMB
RILEY

PS
2704
G6
1913

Cornell University Library
PS 2704.G6 1913

Goodbye Jim,



3 1924 022 035 202



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

GOOD-BYE, JIM

BOOKS BY
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

NEIGHBORLY POEMS
SKETCHES IN PROSE
AFTERWHILES
PIPES o' PAN AT ZEKESBURY
RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD
THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT
GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS
ARMAZINOV
A CHIL-O-WORLD
HOME-FOLKS
HIS PA'S ROMANCE
MORNING
POEMS HERE AT HOME
THE RUBAIYAT OF DOC SIFERS
THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN
RILEY CHILD-RHYMES
RILEY LOVE-LYRICS
RILEY FARM-RHYMES
RILEY SONGS o' CHEER
RILEY SONGS OF SUMMER
RILEY SONGS OF HOME
A SUMMER'S DAY
DOWN AROUND THE RIVER
WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN
OLD FASHIONED ROSES *English Edition*
THE GOLDEN YEAR *English Edition*
AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE
OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S
HOME AGAIN WITH ME
THE GIRL I LOVED
WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT SIXTEEN
RILEY ROSES
WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG
THE RAGGEDY MAN
LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE
THE BOY LIVES ON OUR FARM
EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT
RILEY CHILD-VERSE
THE RUNAWAY BOY
A DEFECTIVE SANTA CLAUS
THE BOYS OF THE OLD GLEE CLUB
OLD SCHOOL DAY ROMANCES
THE LOCKERBIE BOOK OF RILEY VERSE

Greenfield Edition.
12 volumes.



— found Chandler Christie 1912 —

GOOD-BYE, JIM

By

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Illustrated by
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Decorations by
BERTHA STUART

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
P U B L I S H E R S

A:849623

*Copyright 1893, 1913
James Whitcomb Riley*

PS
2704
G6
1913

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Guessed he'd tackle her three years more
When the army broke out
And likin' him all to hisse'f
Take keer of yourse'f
But when Cap. Biggler he writ back
"Tell Jim Good-bye"
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore
The old man wound up a letter to him
Tuk the papers, the old man did
Jim, a lieutenant and one arm gone
And the old man, bendar' over him

DEDICATION

To Clint. Hamilton

GOOD-BYE, JIM

Old man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim,—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!

Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;



— Paul B. Stark 1981

And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
“ Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f! ”

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!



Howard Chandler Christy

And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—

And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,
" Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f ! "



Howard Chandler Christy 1915

Never was nothin' about the *farm*
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:

But when Cap. Biggler he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—



© 1997 Joseph C. Clark, Jr. All rights reserved.

'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—

The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: "Tell Jim
Good-bye,
And take keer of hisse'f."



John Charles Chesebrough

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!

Jim 'lowed 'at he 'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he 'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he 'd raised,
And foller'd him over to Camp Ben Wade,



John Singer Sargent

And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,

And last he heerd was the old man say,—
“ Well, good-bye, Jim :
Take keer of yourse'f ! ”



Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he 'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—

And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,



© 2000 Alan Fearnley Ltd. All rights reserved.

And *tuk* 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they scooted fer timber, and on and on—

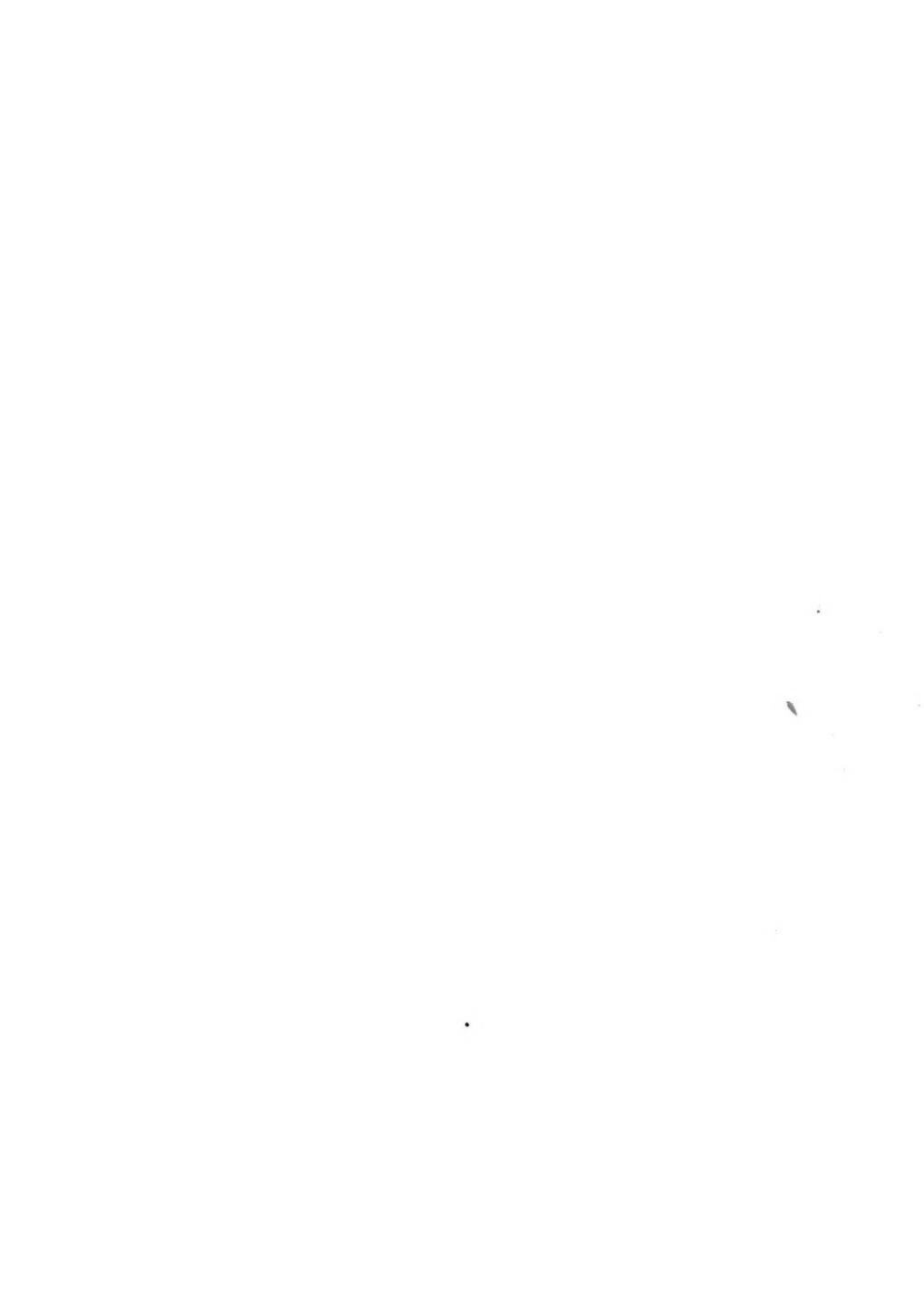
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day,—
“ Well, good-bye, Jim :
Take keer of yourse'f ! ”



Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We 'll say like Jim,
'At 's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!

Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—





The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had n't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears,—

“Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!”

THE END

